

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 31.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1859.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,
is published
Every Saturday Morning,
AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.
TERMS—\$2 00 a year; Five Cents a single number.
NEWSPAPER CARRIERS will send to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.
HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.
BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS
AT ROGER'S BOOK-STORE, No. 217 BROADWAY, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

Original Poetry.

MADGE BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

BY FRED. A. FARMER.

O, how, you beautiful waiting-maid,
Twine softly the hair in a glossy braid,
Of Madge, the bride,
Wreathing the negligent, drooping curls,
With glittering jewels and milky pearls,
Making her sweeter than all the girls,
Than all the white-robed, fluttering band
Who blushing in the church shall stand
At her side!

You rise and go to the glass, sweet Madge,
And a beautiful smile, joy's golden badge,
Lights up your eyes,
As viewing your tresses' delicate web,
That away like the water's flow and ebb,
You arrange your veil of Honiton lace;
But a mournful shade now covers your face.

You scarce know why,
And a feeling of gloom, and deep unrest,
Arises, and ripples along your breast,
With half a sigh.

Sweet Madge, why stand at the glass so long?
Your certainly do your lover wrong,
Who lingers here,
Oh, a mournful sight you see in the glass,
For amid its crystal depths the public gaze,
The joys and woes of your future life!
Ah, me, you think 'tis a solemn thing
(How fearfully-true the words do ring)
To become a wife!

You see yourself forsaken and lone,
Your riches spent and your beauty flown,
On the scanty aisle of the public throng—
O, God, how sad!
Your husband's love—ah, where is it now?
Forgot to the passionate bridal vow,
And you long for death, you care not how,
If only had!

O, Madge, sweet girl, come away from your dreams,
And leave them to those who dream vainly;
For the bridal bell now rings!
Then turn thee round to your lover near,
Wipe quickly away the glittering tear,
And summon a look of queenly cheer,
Murmuring joyous things!

You descend to the church, all ablaze with light,
Moving slow to the altar, what a fatal sight!
By your Romeo's side;
And the requite words are speedily said;
The two made one, and your souls are wed,
Sweet Madge is a bride!

But still the dark vision of her husband's form,
And your lost looks of joy you strive vainly to smother;
While amid the low fall of the reveler's feet,
And the surge of the music so thrillingly sweet,
There whispers a voice
In accents of sorrow and bitter regret:
"Be happy, dear wife, but the time cometh yet
For bewailing your choice!"

Georgie, Tiggs County, N. Y.

FROM TROY TO ALBAN-Y.

'Twas on a windy day in Spring,
That Joseph Jones and I
Set out from Troy, with feathered heels,
To go to Albany.

I've travelled over many lands,
I've toiled on many seas,
But greater perils I have met
With Troy's and Albany's.

'Twas on this day in early Spring
We took a yellow stage;
The horses they were middle-aged,
The driver middle-aged.

We travelled up on River street,
To each hotel in town;
The driver took up fares enough
To load us fairly down.

And after all these fares were in,
I glanced along the line,
And saw no fair to sitting there,
Though no affair of mine.

Then sped the stage with fabled like shrieks
From every wheel ungrazed,
And terror-stricken all we were
While both the horses wheeled.

Then on they dashed with demon-strides,
Three feet at every puff,
But, strange to say, that windy day
They had not wind enough.

The driver hushed his steeds to foam,
Till rarely did they go,
And soon—if you'll excuse the rhyme—
They reached the ferry boat.

There stood a grin, and awful man,
With Kossuth hair immense,
Who glared at every passer-by,
And muttered forth, "Two cents!"

He was a man of such a mien,
When once his face was scanned,
The meadow man could scarcely mean
To check his small demand.

Full soon the tribute coin was paid,
The boat was on her way;
The milk-white waves they curled up,
While but her came away.

For there were several other craft
That lay along in sight,
They dared not tempt the tempest wave,
So waited to the right.

We plunged into the boiling surf,
Till scuttled were all,
The women they began to cry
Because it was a squall!

Three Irish women, all with boys,
Declared the boat a loss,
Because she ventured boldly in
A game of pitch and toss.

The wind was high, and loudly blew,
The bahman was the same;
He clung with awe unto the oar,
As if he were a slave.

And swore his heart was game—
There was no quail in him, he said.
And Jones, he whispered me
To know, were chickens lawful game
In this great coun-ter-ee?

To write the dangers of the trip,
From bristling shore to shore,
Would take a ream of close-ruled cap,
And several Josephs' more.

Sufficient that we run the bank,
Where odds of prize were due,
For every clerk the waters gave,
The tellers added to.

Then came a danger new and strange,
A fellow like a ball;
A man with head of fiery red
Yelled at us, "Are you full?"

Among our twelve was one obese,
No doubt a hardened sinner,
Who said, "I speak not for the rest,
But I have had my dinner!"

On! on! we shouted, one and all—
The fat man mumbled on or not;
"I will," the man of red replied,
And sprang on top the bus.

Tis my belief that fear had turned
That much tried driver's brain,
Or that the driving of a team
Had driven him insane.

For reckless of the ruts and stones,
He went a four mile rate;
He scared three chickens, and a mare
Hitched to a farmer's gate.

A London gent looked at the mare
And "saddle on!" did say,
"No sad loss," said the man of fat,
"It cannot get away."

In course of time the half-way house
We reached with perfect ease;
The man of red descended quick
And asked the driver in.

Then Joseph Jones remarked to me
(His tones were almost cruel),
He thought it wrong to whiskey men,
And only water horse.

Then came a man with solemn face,
And shouted loud and clear,
"Give up your tickets, gentlemen—
You cannot tick here."

He fixed his eyes upon a dame,
In ancient sable suit,
And scarce he so, she dropped a dime
"Pump in the fat man's boot!"

The dime was all the ancient dame
Had brought to pay her fare,
And as a right she claimed the chance
Of searching for it there.

The fat man said his boots should be
Removed with his life,
He buttoned up his overcoat,
And squared for deadly strife.

How all this dreadful scene would end,
Was now my only care,
When Joseph Jones sprang to his feet
And—paid the woman's fare.

"Oh! Jones," I cried in ecstasy,
"How quick your wit and purse
Has solved the problem of the boots,
And not a whit the worse!"

Once more upon the turnpike road
Our chariot wildly shook,
All happy, save the ancient dame,
Who eyed the fat man's boot.

Away we bowled with lightning speed,
A mile in 12.08;
We struck the pavement with a gait,
Beyond the turnpike gate.

Oh! Albany—Oh! Albany!
The sight of them is fine
To every eye that comes from Troy
By stages of the line.

Let him who deals in different weights
Find other weights to thee,
Or let his wife, be it to Troy,
Though water be may be.

All hail! the office of the stage;
The fat man glares at Jones,
And whistles, as he hastes away,
In deep sepulchral tones.

"Oh! hearken to the painful tale
Which I tell thee now—
I had no temperance to my name,
And not a stocking on!"

With this he waddled down the street
With all the speed of wind,
The ancient dame, with eager eyes,
Still followed on behind.

And since that day, J. Jones and I
Dispute almost like brutes,
To settle, if the ancient dame,
Still follows on those boots.

It is one of the caprices of young gentlemen in their teens—and a very sensible caprice it is, too—to like women of mature years, women ripper than themselves, married women even; and the liking, within proper limits, is apt to be reciprocated. For mere girls they have a kind of contempt, borrowed from the cunning serpent that she was, and then unrecalled herself, at a day's notice, to encircle and wed a rich widower of fifty (Squire Lemon), whom she squandered to death in less than six months, and from whom she inherited a widow's pile of half a million. And yet I loved her dearly, and gave her the "findings of my heart!"

Others may have been more fortunate in their first love, but few are disposed to immortalize it. An old friend of mine, now at Saratoga spending his sixth honeymoon, declares that the intensity of his love has increased in every instance in "arithmetical proportion" (whatever that is, and I believe it is something).

The author is not very clear, but is supposed to mean greater perils occur in small places, than in large.

I very bad rhyme and rhyme like this, though we hardly esteem it correct.

I think it is expressed by the fact of those craft steering with a large oar, when.

And I don't look out, some young gallant will get the start of me, and be at her feet with his first declaration, which will be as agreeable to her as the first rose of Summer. Well, however he is, I hope that she will accept him, for if he doesn't sicken her of first love in less than a fortnight, he is not the dear first take her for. He is sure to be some man who has met her at a ball, and who has danced with her all the evening without once losing step or treading on her dress. As for me, I never danced with her but once, and then I lost not only my step but my footing, and brought her with me to the floor. But a man may be a very good partner for a dance, and yet a very sorry one for life, which is a trifle more serious than a collocation or even a polka, as I shall take the liberty, in some disinterested moment, of telling her. And yet what does she care about that now?

"The world," said she to me the other evening, "is too serious by far. I am not so terribly glum. She is on the broad grin half the time, and laughs even through her tears. Look at the stars up yonder, twinkling at each other for very fun all the night long, and laughing at the sober-faced moon."

Still, Clara is more serious than she chooses to appear. It is not always, nor generally, the persons of the most solemn exterior who are the most serious; solemnity is often a mask for stupidity. Clara's jubilant face is honest enough, but it reflects only the surface of her nature. I don't know that she can be called thoughtful, for thoughtfulness implies deliberate and sustained mental action, whereas the movement of her mind, like that of her body, is unpremeditated. She never reasons, and it would seem, therefore, never thinks; but she has that kind of instinct which may be called spontaneous reason, and which dives straight into the heart of things at once. Moreover, she has such a lively imagination that her mind appears to be all of a piece, except in certain emergencies, when the fire suddenly goes out, leaving her brain, as it were, in a white heat. Such natures are always extremely sensitive, and gay as they appear, feel and suffer very keenly.

Clara is not a very complete type of this character, for she inherits a certain amount of common sense from her father (a shrewd business man, with a profound knowledge of the surface of things), which tempers her character, and, for my seeming, degrades not a little from its beauty; for, if there is a person less interesting to me than any other, it is what is called a practical, common-sense woman—a woman "with no nonsense about her." Of this sort is Clara's friend, Sally Mauder; a very square and proper person, square-headed, square-faced, square-footed, her head set squarely on her body, and her heart squarely and securely in its place; a prim, prudish person, adhering to all known laws; eating, drinking, dressing, dancing, talking by rule; keeping a diary of all her acts, and a tally of all her expenses; owing no man, owing no man; reading no books not recommended by her preceptors, and playing the whole game of life according to Hoyle.

But it is not Miss Mauder I wish to speak of, but Miss Vernon, who, by-the-way, strangely enough, insists that her friend is the very counterpart of myself, and wonders I don't fall in love with her at once. Sally Mauder my counterpart! Not bad, that.

In plain English, about her looks. (Thus far I have not even stated her age, which may as well be put down at once at seventeen, the old bachelor's ideal.) I confess that, to the ordinary eye, she might seem a very ordinary girl, and she is not an angel even to mine. In fact, I don't believe in angels, the few creatures of that order I met with in novels and plays (they are never met with elsewhere) were not at all to my taste. I may be foolish enough to call Clara, by some celestial title, and to attribute to her sundry celestial qualities, when the time comes for filling my declaration, but meanwhile I find her a vain, restless, fickle, capricious, sinful mortal (as sin goes), having a pair of wicked gray eyes, set in a low, though decidedly unclassical forehead, which retreats behind a tangled mass of straw-colored hair, straggling over her cranium like a species of wild vine. She is too short and slight for her form to be called elegant, and, but for a small hand and foot, a haughty little mouth, and a perfect gem of a neck, I am not sure that her person would excite the least attention. But I confess that, until this moment, I never attempted to analyze her charms, and I have a feeling that the work is an indelicate one, something like dissection. Think, for example, of examining her teeth like a dentist, especially as, now I think of it, they happen, like a certain improper kind of verb, to be both irregular and defective, and to be as unlike pearls as her pale lips are unlike rubies, and her freckled bulb of a forehead unlike alabaster. How should I like to be taken to pieces in this way, as I were a manikin, and held up before the public? A lady of enormous proboscis asked me, a few evenings since, if I didn't think Clara Vernon had a few new ones. I was rude enough to reply, "No more, madam, than you have a trunk." The idea of a large nose smelling out a small one, and pointing upon it because of its size! It was like a pig picking upon a little one. And then Clara's nose, though diminutive, and coming to rather an abrupt conclusion, is by no means a pug, as any man of reasonable nasal proportions would perceive in a moment; besides, its delicate fertile little nostrils are beautiful enough to atone for any kind of nose except a Roman one, which is bad enough on a man, but on a woman is worse than a bad.

Let me add, in the way of description, that Clara has that rarest of charms, a small and well-formed ear—two of them, in fact—which I would as soon kiss (rather, sometimes, on account of whispering privileges) as any of her defects.

One word now about her movement, and I have done. It can't be called dignified, for it is too spontaneous, too impetuous; but it is most graceful, for I see her flitting about—lighting, in the course of ten minutes, upon every chair, sofa, lounge, divan, bedstead, footstool, in the room—the always reminds me of a bird—a bird just escaped from a cage and in no hurry to go back to it, though having half a mind to (a whole mind to, if it dared), were it only for the devilry of the thing.

Now if the reader can't understand, after this, why I am in love with Clara Vernon, and why the one wish of my life is to possess her, the fault is not mine. But I can seem to hear some veteran spinster exclaim, "Well, Mr. Clapp, I don't think much of your hells, after all, and fancy she would run you a pretty rig

(and serve you right) if you should happen to get her, still I should like to know by what right you, a confirmed old bachelor of forty, lay siege to a young heart of seventeen. I wonder how many other women you have been after, now many millions there are in your wardrobe," etc., etc.

Now, my dear critic, listen! A venerable aunt of mine, now happily defunct, and it is to be hoped, in Paradise, used to say, in the decline of her life, that "nobody was old but the devil;" and I held (and have held for some years) to the same opinion. Genius, good-nature, wit, worth, etc., are always young like the stars; with these no one is old, and without them youth is not worth having. Now, what a girl like Clara wants in the way of a husband—and of course she wants something in the way—a man possessing these qualities, and whose mind and heart are fresh enough to understand and appreciate hers; and since I am about the only man of her acquaintance who, in her estimation (and she is the only competent judge in the matter), does possess them, why should I not labor to convince her—as I have already, without labor, convinced myself—that they are the qualities which should decide her choice? A regular old bachelor's question, I admit, but how are you going to answer it?

The above was written more than a year ago. The last line of it is hardly dry when I received the following note, which speaks for itself:

"My Dear Friend, A little bird flew in my window last night, and whispered to me that you and I had frolicked together long enough. Mamma says 'I'd a chance,' and Sally Mauder, the cold-hearted thing, (and yet how good she is!) says I ought to ask you to 'explain your intentions.' Now the idea of your having any intentions struck me as so absurd that I laughed in my face. But finally, after a long talk, and especially after the visit of that little bird—which must have been a mockingbird, for it repeated all that mamma and Sally had said, and a great deal more—I concluded to drop you a line, and tell you just what people said about us. The fact is, they call me a coquette, and you a flirt, and say that the way we go on together is ridiculous. In reply, I tell them that ever since that funny love affair of yours with Miss Condon (Anna, I think, her name was), you had been in the way of a woman-hater, and that you took notice of me only because I was a mere bit of a girl, who never had a serious thought in her life. Now, my dear O. B. (short for Old Bachelor), they tell me this is all nonsense, and that hereafter we mustn't be so intimate together."

"I couldn't bear to tell you to your face, so I thought I would write you a little note about it, so that you might not misconstrue any change in my demeanor. In my heart there is no change, for I still think you the best friend I have in the world, and can never thank you enough for all your kindness to me."

"I am half ashamed to think I have paid any attention to the gossip of old maids and busybodies; but mamma says that as long as we live in the world we must conform to its ways, and I suppose she is right—though what a stupid world it is after all!"

Yours as ever,

"N. B.—Don't fail to come in this evening as usual: Miss Mauder and Mr. Linton will be here, and we'll have a good game of whist. If you don't come I shall have to play 'dummy.'"

Now what could be said to such a note as this? I wrote no less than six different answers: one pathetic, another remonstrative, a third humorous, a fourth argumentative—and finally threw them all up in disgust. Jealousy took possession of me, and made me believe a rumor that Clara was engaged to Mr. Harry Linton (a brilliant young lawyer imported from Wall Street by her father), and that that was the secret of the whole affair. As for Miss Mauder, I wished she would mind her own business, and was half disposed to tell her so. What business was it to her whether I had any "intentions" or not? But what was I to do in the matter—give up the ship? "Never!" said I. "Suppose I send her a formal declaration, and try to reason her into accepting of me!" I did so, though not for any number of columns would I consent to have that statement of documents printed. It was a day of glory to me, and I received in return the most affectionate of notes, in which Clara took all the blame of my delusion and disappointment upon herself, assured me of her sisterly regard, begged of me to continue my affair as before, hinted that I could do much better than marry such a volatile young mix as herself, recommended me to her sex generally as the best and most considerate of men, and in fact sent me exactly the kind of instrument for such cases made and provided.

How nicely that "old common arbitrator, Time," settles the most difficult of questions!

Within six months after the date of the above note I found a portentous piece of pasteboard on my table, announcing to me in the most official and unquestionable manner Clara's intended marriage with a young Methodist clergyman, from Danversville, Lincoln county, Maine, and inviting me to the wedding. Clara Vernon was married to a down-stem person! "Good for the clock!" said I; "three cheers for the Yankees!" and the fun of the thing had such an effect upon me that, to become prepossessed, and in less than six weeks (forgetting my horror of practical, common-sense women) was married in the squarest sort of manner to my square-built, square-minded, square-rigged friend, Miss Sally Mauder, who is at this moment at my elbow, asking me how it is that I can't or won't learn to dot my i's and cross my t's.—Harper's Monthly.

A NEW FANGLED CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Evening Post says the Rev. Dr. Bellows has an overhauling in progress, which, if successful, will place his church upon the roll of religious fame. It is no less than to found a new Catholic Church, differing from the Church which acknowledges Archbishop Hughes as its Metropolitan head, by the omission of what may be deemed certain obsolete, erroneous, or needless doctrines, but preserving the attractive features, the rituals, the imaginative symbols, the sacred festivals, which help to give the Roman Catholic Church its popular and universal character. The name of the proposed organization is the Broad Church. In this magazine scheme, we understand that Dr. Bellows enjoys the cooperation of Dr. Osgood and the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, the other Unitarian clergymen of this city. He will also have a ministry to propagate the new evangel in Antioch College, a flourishing institution at the West, of which he has been a most efficient friend. Dr. Osgood is reported to have prepared a liturgy, to be submitted to the consideration of American Unitarians, who, with one or two other sects, would form the nucleus of the new denomination. Dr. Bellows—as will be seen by his discourse delivered before the Alumni of the Divinity School at Cambridge, and by his Boston address of last year, which we find quoted with a qualified approval, in an article in the last North American (Presbyterian) Review—maintains that modern Protestantism is merely negative, barren, and behind the times, and, in short, is to some extent a failure.

Dr. Bellows and the New Catholic Church.

The announcement in the Evening Post of yesterday, in relation to Dr. Bellows's project for the establishment of a new Catholic Church, has excited a deep interest. Mr. Frothingham is mistaken in supposing that Dr. Bellows's plan of a new Catholic Church is a joke. The discourse which announced it is pervaded by a tone of earnest feeling which is characteristic of the eloquent preacher of All Souls, and it is highly probable that he would be guilty of indulging his pleasure in a form so impressive and solemn as a public address before the united clergymen of his denomination.—Evening Post.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. FROTHINGHAM, PASTOR OF THE THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH OF NEW YORK CITY.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

In your paper of last evening I noticed my name coupled with the names of Dr. Bellows and Dr. Osgood in connection with a plan "to found a new Catholic Church, differing from the church which acknowledges Archbishop Hughes as its metropolitan head, by the omission of what may be deemed certain obsolete, erroneous, or needless doctrines, but preserving the attractive features, the rituals, the imaginative symbols, the sacred festivals, which help to give the Roman Catholic Church its popular and universal character."

I presume that the whole paragraph from which the above-quoted lines are an extract was written in the spirit of satire, and that a serious contradiction of its statements and inferences will only provoke a smile. But, as many persons will doubtless read it gravely and accept it literally, I will venture to meet the smile, and to say that the first intelligence I have received of this "magnificent scheme" came from this very page. I am not authorized, indeed, to speak for Dr. Bellows or Dr. Osgood, though I feel very confident that no such idea ever occurred to either of those gentlemen. For myself, I can only say that I should consider as an insult to my understanding the bare suggestion of a plan so visionary; and were I deliberately entertained, should feel it to be my duty to resist it by all the means at my command. But this is treating a poor joke too seriously. If I could bring myself to believe that it was anything but a joke, I should suggest whether it would not be well, before printing a paragraph like the one in last evening's paper, to inquire what amount of truth it might contain.

Very truly yours,
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.
New York, July 27, 1859.

The Dog that Goes in for the Right.

BY REV. J. L. BAYNE.

Now that your upper and bottom dog,
And your outside dog, in the fight,
Have each had their post—let me be heard,
For the dog that goes in for the right.

When a little dog by a big one is wronged,
He goes in—with all his might—
For the little dog; or lose or win,
Does the dog that goes in for the right.

He may, for a time, be a bottom dog,
But he knows, by an instinct born,
That the dog that will come out on top in the end,
Is the dog that goes in for the right.

He loves his ease, and he loves his bone,
But he is not so selfish, quite,
As to care for no other dog but himself;
And the dog that goes in for the right.

He will die, sometime; and then you must know,
Hav'ing fought while he lived, a good fight,
He will go, without fail, where the good dog goes,
To the dog that goes in for the right.

No hero's a bumper, with health and success,
To the dog that's my heart's delight,
The noble dog—the generous dog—
The dog that goes in for the right!

"Historical Unitarianism," says he, "is fast becoming a local peculiarity, a Boston notion." This assertion, it is affirmed, is sustained by figures and statistics, relating to the history of the sect. Hence the project of a "Broad Church," and a return to the rites and ceremonial heretofore discarded by a majority of modern Protestants.

A Chapter on Slavery.

How debased is that tongue, once our glory and pride;
By a torrent of slang how remorsefully dyed;
As this Punch has observed with a patriot's pang,
He devotes to his country this Chapter on Slavery.

To its champions and friends, from the small to the big,
From my Lord Bobby Caudle to little Bull Frigg;
Punch addresses those lines, and he yet they'll amend,
When he holds up to laughter "our darling young friend."

Our darling young friend of today never tells
The hero he puts up at, or house where he dwells,
Of his Delegates perchance we'll hear something about,
His Critic or Concursor, Sir, or where he hangs out.

Our friend has no pocket, he may have a Fob;
Though it holds not a shilling, it may hold a Bob;
It has not a shilling, or any coin in it,
Though it may have a Tassie, a Basher, or Tin.

Our friend of today has no watch to his name,
Tis a Ticker, or Tump; if wrong, it goes lame;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing that's strange, it is Rum;
He is not a companion, he's always a Chum;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friends know of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Rav,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has never had it raw;
His father's no father, but one of a jolly set,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claretting squashed.

Our friend of today has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he never dresses well, though he tows the whole hog;
For he knows not the hour he knows not, though able to say
How the County goes, or what's his time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's

RECEIVED

In Remembrance of Joseph Bourgo.
By J. W. Whittier.

In that fair land of olden days,
Where the bright sunbeams play,
Whose line waves keep with Capri's silver fountain
Perpetual holiday.

A king lies dead, his water-dug water,
His gold bought mass of gems,
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to sweeten
A name that stinks to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mirth and dancing,
By low Edgemoor's side
For the dead monarch so adored while living
In mourning garb is laid.

With a true sorrow God rethinks that feigning:
Save the low funeral train,
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,
Bereaved and wet-eyed.

Silent, for once, the restless hive of labor
Save the low funeral train,
Or voice of crickets whispering to his neighbor
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minister of state the immortal
Rise from the lips of a saint,
No mitered priest swing back the heavenly portals
To let the white soul in.

Not, Age and Sickness' traced their fearful faces
In the low lord's door,
And prayers were led by all the dark by places
And thence of the poor.

The pallid toiler, and the negro chattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human slave whose game of battle
The lords of earth complete.

Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping,
All veiled the low lament,
Of grateful hearts whose game of battle
His virtues monument.

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,
In the long heretofore,
A lowly man, warm and true and tender,
Has England's turf closed over.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples
No crash of brassen wall,
The murmurous sea of kindred, tongues, and peoples,
Sleep in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,
And from the tropic clime,
Of Indian plumes in the sunset shadows
Of Occidental palm.

From the blest roadside of the Bohemian peasants
And barons of the Finn,
Where war's worn victim saw his gentle presence
Come sailing, Cried like him.

To seek the lost, to build the old waste places,
To link the hostile shores
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies
The names of Valhalla's heroes.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
Who in the widest sea
Some sacred spot of altar of temple
Still would visit with his law.

And heard, with tender ear, the spirit sighing
A from the prison cell,
Pray for the poor, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not has the golden pen or lip's persuasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingled
In the same channel ran,
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the taints of man.

The very gentleness of all his human nature
He joined to courage and will,
And went out to all God's creatures
With sturdy love of will.

Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him; but his heart seemed nourished
By failure and by loss;
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests: his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has melted into calm completeness
The state of his life.

Where the dew glazes and the song-birds warble
His dust to dust is laid,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp or martyr
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing;
Beneath his smoky rail,
Hard by the city of his love is swinging
His clamorous iron rail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above—
The fitting symbol of a life of duty
Transfigured into love.

—The Independent.

A Model Article on Strategy.

We clearly forewarn (as also did Gen. Scott, through the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia papers), months ago, the position the Austrians would occupy when they reached the Mincio; and had not Napoleon so recklessly disregarded the advice we intended to give him, we venture to say there would not have been an Austrian left after the battle to tell the tale. But there are men so wrapped up in their own conceits that they will not listen to the wise counsel of the spectator who stands off and views the march of events and armies coolly, calmly, and dispassionately.

On approaching the Austrians, Napoleon on arriving within three hundred yards of their position, should by all means have thrown the main body of his regular troops, consisting of 50,000 men, into what may technically be called a wedge. From the upper end of this wedge, two wings, in the shape of the letter V, consisting of 50,000 Zouaves each, should have extended, the ends of the wings impinging upon the large or major extremity of the wedge, with the Austrians immediately in front, the point of the wedge being directed to their centre. The following diagram will more fully illustrate our meaning:

The row of exclamation points is made to represent the Austrians, because the wedge would naturally have been much narrower at the arrangement of things. At the entering point of this wedge should have been stationed the smallest man in the army, immediately behind him the next smallest, and so on, the tallest troops constituting the larger end of the terrible instrument. This graduated—whittled down to a point, as it were—it is evident that it would have been capable of penetrating the toughest body of troops in the world. A strong hempen cable should have been extended from the extreme point of one wing to the extreme point of the other, on the outside, running through holes perforated in the coat tails of the Zouaves, so as to be held up without encumbering the troops, leaving them the free use of their hands.

The army being thus formed, the wedge should have been driven home, the wings made to fling simultaneously and vigorously, and the whole force being hurled like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, the wedge penetrating their centre, and the wings bulging out in the middle and turning in at the ends, forming two arcs of a circle, until they met, when the Austrians being now completely surrounded and split in two, the ends should have been brought together and tied by a sailor stationed there for the purpose. Thus, cut in two, huddled up and surrounded by an impenetrable wall of rope and Zouaves, the enemy would either have been crushed to death, or would have thrown down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Austrians, or a large number of them, had jumped ahead, or, vulgarly speaking, a-straddle of the rope, and broke it, or suppose they had cut it with their swords, thereby forming a crenelated trench through which to debouch and reach the exterior plain—what then? Why, they could only have fallen plain upon the village of Carriana, which being forced further back to Volta, where finding no adequate protection from the bayonets of the indomitable Zouaves, they would either have fallen into the hands of

the French, as prisoners of war, or would have been cut to pieces. This accomplished, Napoleon would have nothing to do but march into Mantua without interruption, whence he could have dispatched handfuls of troops with small arms to take possession of Verona, Pechiera, and Legnago, there making three corners of the Quadrangle, and the terrible war would have been ended.—Napoli Patriot.

"Hors de Combat."

A POEM BY JOHN SMITH, OF NEWFIELD PLAYS.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte:
Contrary to my wish
You've made a peace, and doing so
Have quite upset my dish.

I had a lecture written out
To learn the lesson thereof;
The best of war 's the theme thereof;
You've knocked it to a shiver.

Jones had a map well nigh prepared,
Showing the very spots
Where you stood on the battle-field,
By means of numerous dots.

Brown had a book in manuscript
Quite ready for the printer;
But you, Napoleon, have split
Both map and book to splinters.

MacBride had written ten articles
Descriptive of Verona,
And all the terms that lie between
That city and Ancona.

He wrote them for the Monthly Spectator;
But how was he disgusted
To learn the Spectator's fate,
Don't want them—So Mac's "beated."

The Tribune's military man
Has read six weeks' of it;
To write on tactics! Now his love
Is lost. You are a beast.

The Herald had a theory
Twelve columns full in length,
To show that in the impending fight
Success would go with strength.

The Times men only can't complain:
They laid their bones bare
And showed their wisdom all at once
In writing on the "Square."

—N. Y. Evening Post.

Medical.

—Baudens says that chloroform was administered in thirty thousand cases in the French army in the Crimea, without any fatal accident from it.

—A new Chloroform Inhaler, invented by Mr. Todd, has been received with great interest in England. It has been used by Mr. Dixon at the Ophthalmic Hospital. It consists of a nose-piece and perforated cylinder of metal, having within it a piston, the rod of which is hollow. Through the hollow rod the chloroform is poured on a sponge, which is fastened to the piston within the cylinder. By elevating and depressing the piston, the sponge and chloroform are carried nearer or farther from the patient's nostrils.

—In the treatment of dysentery, M. Clerc, of Tours, finds that the application of plasters of belladonna or stramonium, applied above the pelves, and renewed every day, very quickly relieve the symptoms, and shorten the progress of the disease. He combats the diarrhoea by nitrate of silver lavements and pill of opium, and nitrate of silver and rhubarb extract.

—The N. A. Medical Reporter says Prof. Clark, of New York, who is a most thorough pathologist, recommends the use of pure sweet cream as a nutritious article in consumption. He informs us that he has used it for some years in this disease, with very gratifying results. We now have a patient under treatment, with the consumption, who is taking the cream instead of cod-liver oil, according to the advice and counsel of Dr. Clark, and the cream has had better effect than the cod-liver oil.

—We copy the following from a communication in the Semi-Weekly Medical News, Louisville:—"It seems that many years ago a number of physicians, in the city of New York, formed themselves into a society, under the name of the Kappa Lambda Society of Hippocrates, ostensibly associated for social and scientific purposes, but really for the promotion of the personal interests of its members, by means of the concerted and furtive action of the body. For a while the Society itself became a secret, as were its plans and agencies, but it intruded itself into respectable professional company, a year ago, by sending a delegate, to the American Medical Association, at its meeting in Washington. This impertinence provoked an exposure in the republication of the report just referred to, which was originally made by a committee of the Medical Society of the County and City of New York, and approved by that body of some three hundred physicians. The report shows that the Kappa Lambda Society is a veritable company, detestable in its purposes, and unprincipled and base in its mode of accomplishing them. The presence of this base, corrupt, and corrupting influence, in the bosom of the medical community of New York, will go far to explain the inferior position and character which that body of physicians, with an abundance of individual merit among them, has maintained, compared with their brethren of Boston or Philadelphia. The comparative failure of institutions for medical education there—the perpetual intrigues that agitate and distract the medical public—the frequent derelictions of its members that go unwhipped of justice—the inexplicable and harlequin appearance of professional success and reputation in that city—all these things that have been observed among New York physicians, with equal surprise and regret on the part of their medical brethren elsewhere, may be accounted for by the pernicious operations of this clandestine association. Let us hope that the comment of one who appears to have investigated the subject, with a proper appreciation of its mischievous tendencies and effects, is well founded—at least, so far as it relates to our own community. It is found nowhere but among medical men, and only in New York."

—Dr. James F. Scriven, formerly Mayor of the city of Savannah (Geo), died at the Hot Springs, in Virginia, on the 16th instant. He was in the 60th year of his age, and had been for some time in ill health.

—M. Vries, the "Black Doctor" of Paris, agreed to cure a professional tradesman of a cancer on payment of 2000fr. down, and 2000fr. on the completion of the cure. The patient, however, died, and his family called on Vries to restore the 2000fr., but he refused. Vries brought an action against him. The tribunal decided that, as Vries had undertaken to effect, and had not fulfilled the obligation, he must pay back the 2000fr.

—A new work has just been published in Philadelphia, entitled "History of the American Medical Association." By N. S. Davis, M.D., of Chicago. Edited by W. S. Butler, M.D.

—Messrs. Baillière Brothers have just published a valuable work, entitled "Contributions to Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children. With a Report on the Progress of Obstetrics and Uterine and Infantile Pathology in 1858." By E. Nodding, M.D., and A. Jacob, M.D.

—A visitor to the church at Hampstead, in which the remains of Harvey, who is popularly believed to have "discovered the circulation of the blood," are deposited, thus describes the state in which he found them:—"The family vault of the Harveys lies immediately behind the altar, and is the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner. The pew is raised above the floor of the rest of the church, and the entrance to the vault is by a wooden trap-door, which was without any lock or fastening. The floor of the pew forms the roof of the vault, and the latter, being composed of the elevation of the pew, is only partially under ground. There is an open window, without any adequate protection beyond a rusty iron bar, looking from the vault into the churchyard. The coffin of the late Harvey, who was placed in the most honorable position in the church. The decorated walls of the vault have been allowed to fall to pieces, and were lying together, as rubbish, in a corner